



Frozen

Description

Cherie Faces the Cold, Frozen Morning (Season 1, Episode 1 of Beau and Cherie)

Cherie Doodle stomped her slippered foot in disgust as she glanced out the panes of her front-facing kitchen window as the snow steadily piled up. The bright porchlight illuminated the frozen early morning scene as the furious flakes feathered down. “Look at all the snow on the front walkway,” Cherie mumbled to herself. She just cleared that pathway yesterday late afternoon and now look, it is again covered in snow, she thought as she reached under the sink for the bag of cat food. I need to get out there and clear that off, she thought as she hurriedly poured cat chow into the cat’s bowls. “It will have to wait until after work”, she said out loud as she carelessly placed the clattering cat bowls down on the floor and called the cats to breakfast.



At Least Cherie Didn't Have to Shovel Snow Off the Roof Top

Cherie began ticking items off the list in her head as she planned her day. Slide into work on the slippery roads, work, and then lunch time errands. She had to drop off Miguel's good suit at the cleaners and pick up some priority boxes at the post office. Then back to work for the rest of the afternoon. After work pick up groceries for dinner on the way home.

Cherie Makes Groceries aka Grocery Shopping Goes Bad

After a long and boring day at the office, Cherie skidded into the Kroger parking lot. No parking spaces close to the entrance were available, she noticed, as she barely missed sliding into a lady carrying what looked to be two heavy bags of groceries.

Cherie slammed the car door, getting out and stepping onto the frozen pavement, her feet barely touching the icy surface as they slid out from under her. Her handbag and phone seemed to develop a life of their own as they disobediently became airborne. Her head hit the car door as she cried out in pain. "Oh!" she moaned as she realized her shopping list flew under her car. Reaching for her purse and phone and dusting herself off in embarrassment, she gave up on the list. Cheri's back was throbbing as that is where she landed when she fell. It felt like something was possibly dislocated.

Yanking free the first shopping cart from the tangled nest, she realized she had drawn the short end of the shopping cart straw with what she referred to as a "calumper".

"Oh well, let's get this over with."

"Calump, calump" the cart sang as Cheri limped and weaved her way in and out of the other shoppers. Not a very friendly place, she noticed as she smiled and attempted to catch the eye of a fellow shopper who hurriedly looked away.

"Wonder what got his panties into a wad?"

Grocery Shopping Goes From Bad to Worse

While distracted by the unfriendly fellow, she misjudged and banged her well-filled cart into the person ahead of her who was perusing the many gourmet pasta sauces. The fancily-dressed lady gave Cherie a tolerant but dismissive look and went about her business of choosing her sauce.

Cherie carelessly tossed her store-brand choice into the cart with the damaged wheel, and the sound of shattered glass permeating the drone of the advertised specials coming over the pa system.

Spaghetti sauce flew all over the place, landing on Cherie and the tolerant lady.

"I thought the jar was plastic."

At this point, the lady did not appear to be so tolerant anymore so Cherie muttered apologies, quickly making her escape and pushed her rickety cart, calump, calump, to the next aisle, all while running her tongue across her lips in an attempt to clean the sauce off of her face.

"Now what is it I need?", she fretted as she cautiously limped her way around the bustling and crowded grocery store. "I guess I should just get one of everything", Cheri thought as she started grabbing food items from the shelf. "I can't even remember what I planned for dinner."

Grocery Shopping 101

"Never shop when you are hungry" Cherie knew that was the first rule of "Grocery Shopping 101".
"Also, always meal plan and use a list."

“Too late now.”

Grabbing plenty of snack foods, including several salty varieties of potato chips and pretzels and three kinds of their favorite ice cream, vanilla bean, extra vanilla and very vanilla, the cart was soon overflowing. One thing about ice cream, it is even good in the winter.

“Well, I won’t need to shop for a while. That’s one good thing.”

“Paper or plastic”, the harried cashier asked as she quickly scanned Cherie’s groceries. “Paper, please” answered Cherie as she was digging through her wallet for her credit card.

Safely Home?

Once home, Cherie unloaded the groceries from the car, leaving them on the kitchen countertop as she quickly strode outside, grabbing her snow shovel off of the front porch. She didn’t get far in clearing the path, as Mr. MacRoan, her lonely neighbor came walking up and engaged her in a long conversation about the weather and the latest gossip about the mayor of their city. By the time Cherie was able to break away, it was too late to shovel the walkway.

This is What Cherie Looked Like When She Shoveled Snow

“Oh well, leave it for tomorrow.”

Pushing open her squeaky door and removing her boots in the foyer, Cherie noticed the puddle she was making on the floor.

“I need to clean this up.”



Cherie Should Have Cleaned This Up. Oops!

But right now it was time to put away the groceries and make dinner. I know I bought perishables and frozen foods. I hope everything is okay. Walking into the kitchen, Cheri noticed her five cats, all of them on the countertop.

“What are they doing? She thought. “We don’t allow them on the countertop.”

Then noticing the empty cat bowls and the melting ice cream puddled in three different places, she had her answer. Well, with their digestive problems, this may not turn out very good.

No Respect for Cheri

“Shoo, Kitties! Off the countertop!” All five cats ignored Cheri. Cheri obviously was not the one in charge of the household. From the disrespect shown, it appeared to be the cats who were in control.

“I give up!” Cherie cried as she grabbed an ice pack out of the freezer for her aching back and one of the salty snacks and walked into the living room. About this time, she heard a crash in the foyer, as her husband entered the house and slipped on the puddle of water Cheri had made earlier.

Beau entered the living room, rubbing a newly forming lump on his forehead and said, “Hi Honey! What’s for dinner?”



[What's For Dinner?](#)



And a Side

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All names have been changed to protect the innocent and not so innocent. Don't believe a thing you read, or believe it all! Thank you for your support Hot Springs Village People. Written by [Cheryl Dowden](#)

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